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In fact, there was no escape from military duties except by assuming the status of a berdache, but they made no pretense of considering these duties as other than a disagreeable necessity. In their view the enemy, with unfamiliar garments and weapons and formidable courage, were evil magicians, and they were to be treated as such: avoided until they became too obnoxious, then killed with as much dispatch as possible.

It was because of their belief in the enemy's evil magic that the Papago took no booty. Nothing belonging to the enemy might be touched except by one who had been through the special purification to be described. Male captives were never brought home, and the females occasionally taken were sold to the Mexicans, not kept. Papago dead were left on the battlefield or burned there, though the usual custom is burying. Papago wounded must be purified. The only trophy brought home was the scalp or occasionally a belt or moccasin to take its place. In this trophy was thought to be concentrated the magic power of the enemy. The reward of the fighter for his labors was to possess this power and make it serve him.

War ritual can be divided into three stages, which logically should not all come under the same heading. The first two, which here have been called the rituals of the warpath and of victory, were really communal ceremonies. They were conducted by the whole community, or at least by all the warriors, and they had the regular form of a community ceremony: the oration by the priestly leader and songs by the group. Moreover, in the Papago mind, which abhorred emphasis on killing and revenge, their real result was supposed to be a magical one, bringing rain and crops.

The warpath and victory ceremonies are then actually food ceremonies. To this extent has the main interest of Papago life shaped and turned all its elements. The only ceremony for power is the third of the war rituals, warrior's purification, which conforms perfectly to the other purification formulae. Since to separate the three phases of war would make the narrative difficult to follow, all three have been described here as a continuity.

The first, which has been called the warpath, comprises all the preparations for war, up to the time of fighting. It must be de-

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29. Coyote, our comrade,
Runs to meet the enemy.
Tomorrow, fight!

The final song was usually the appeal to Coyote. During this 726
song, at Komarik, one warrior danced in the trail leading to the 533
enemy's country. At the final words all gave the warwhoop, pounded their bows on the ground, or struck their shields(19).

Meantime, the shamans had been looking for the enemy by the 726
aid of their crystals or by conversations with passing owls. Some 787
were able to blow smoke toward the enemy, causing blindness or 789
a mist which would hide the Papago movements. At the end of the singing they announced where and when the Apache would be met. The men then lay back to sleep, but before doing so they rubbed their hands with a downward stroke over their eyes and breathed in the direction of the enemy to cause him to sleep.(19)

After entering enemy country there was no further ritual. 726
"They only sang if they were in trouble and could not find the enemy," otherwise they traveled by night and slept by day.

The usual engagement took the form of an early morning raid, when they rushed upon an Apache village, killed a man or two, or perhaps only women and children, and made their escape. No fight could last long, for each of the few men, as soon as he had killed an enemy, must leave the conflict and await purification. This long and complicated procedure will be taken up separately.

VICTORY

The war party arranged its homeward journey so as to camp 727
on the last night near the village and make an entry at dawn. They collected the Apache trophies (which might be scalps, ears, or merely a war shirt, moccasin, or belt), tied them to a long pole, and sent them ahead by a messenger. As soon as he was within reach of the village, the messenger shouted the names of the enemy slayers, that preparation might be made for their segregation. After this he called the names of any Papago who had been killed.

The young girls of the village immediately set out to meet the war party. They seized each man's weapons and danced with them,

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● 727 singing, and the man could not retrieve his property until he had paid the singer. Near the village the old women met the party. According to some informants there was one who had the hereditary right to take the trophy pole and dance with it(26). Others say that the old women fought for the privilege(9). The one who took the pole danced with it ahead of the party, singing a scalp song.

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1. Here I stand;
I sing for the scalp.
Come and see, O women!

Here the ends of my shaman's plumes
Give light.(26)

The last two lines refer to some dream of the dancer.

The party, with all the village, proceeded to the ceremonial house, where they gave a long recital of their exploits. The pole was set up on the dance ground. Then a meeting was held and arrangements were made for the victory dance, which would take place when the sixteen days of the warrior's purification were over. All related villages were invited, and if there were several trophies, a pole with some of these attached was sent as a token.

The game leader proposed a race challenge to neighboring villages, and the people discussed sending for men or women known to be expert at the *kápetua*, or dramatic war dance,[8] performed on the night of the celebration. The dancers were often brought from a great distance, and the villages joined in providing them. Relatives of the enemy slayers were expected to pay the largest amount(9). Each village which had joined the war party held its own victory dance, providing some of its men were enemy slayers. If not, its members visited the dance of a neighboring village.

727 635 The trophies were left on the pole for the ensuing sixteen days. No one was allowed to touch them, but "no one wanted to. They were too dangerous." These sixteen days were the period of the warriors' purification and, while they lasted, the villagers danced nightly around the pole. They moved in a circle, counterclock-

[8] Russell speaks of a Pima "dramatic war dance" in the middle of the circle of dancing people (Russell, p. 205).

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wise, with hands clasped and fingers interlacing, as for the rain dance(19). Some describe them as leaping forward, all together, and then leaping back. The name of this circle dance was *kúihin* (leaping).[9]

The song cycle for this dance, more nearly intact than most of the others recorded, referred to the incident in I'itoi's campaign when Buzzard was captured and forced to dance around his own scalp.[10] The songs refer to Buzzard and his plight, but they also describe realistically the dance ground and the tiny incidents such as the crying of the babies and I'itoi's directions for nursing them, a novel interpolation in a war ceremony.

Some of the songs were in such archaic language that the singer himself had no idea of their meaning. He insisted that it was not a foreign tongue, merely the language of the "old people." The standard refrain *tángwi* [11] is one of these untranslatable words. So is *limhu*, mentioned by Miss Densmore as the name for all these songs.[12] The introduction is always "He, he!" uttered at the top of the singer's lungs.

SCALP SONGS(9)

2. He, he!
In a circle join and sing;
Here we sing.
Jump and sing! Jump and sing!
Look up here!
Look up here!
Look up here!

3. He, he!
Great doings!
We have not killed your husband,
He is not staggering;
Tángwi!

[9] Russell (pp. 205-6) speaks of the Pima as celebrating victory by running and riding horses in concentric circles moving in opposite directions.

[10] See p. 12.

[11] It will be noticed that *tángwi* does not occur at the end of every song as the informant at first said it should. This may be due to forgetfulness on the singer's part, since he had not heard the songs since his childhood. The songs were put down as he sang them and may furnish some indication of how changes occur.

[12] Densmore, p. 184.

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Sort of staggering,
Over there staggering;
Tángwi!

4. He, he!
Great doings with the scalp;
Great doings with the scalp:
The little prisoner!
Hang it up, hang it up, hang it up!

5. He, he!
Very slowly
We follow one another,
Jostling at the corners.
Hana! hana!
Jostling at the corners.

6. Holding hands in a row we go,
Backward jumping,
Backward jumping.
[archaic words——]
Holding hands in a row we go.

7. He, he!
[We] pull out your pin feathers.
[We] cut your throat all around.
Tángwi!

Sung by Buzzard when he danced around his own scalp.

8. He, he!
Poor thing!
All pity me.
Tángwi!
All sing,
Poor thing.
Tángwi!
Limhu, limhu, limhu!

The old men are sorry for Buzzard.

9. He, he!
The old men are crying.
Tángwi!

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I'itoi tells the mothers to calm their crying babies.

10. He, he!
The children are crying,
The children are crying.
Here sit down.

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I'itoi gives directions for nursing the babies.

11. He, he!
I put my nipple in your mouth;
I put my nipple in your mouth
And pat you soothingly.
I put my nipple in your mouth
And pat you soothingly.

12. He, he!
From the gourd we will drink.
Tángwi!

13. There sits a crow [the scalp].
What are you doing?
What is it?

14. A cactus plant
Had a flower.
The little thing died;
The little thing died,
Making a small noise.
Tángwi!

15. The crow was sleepy
And toppled down here.
The cro-ow!

The dance ground has become trampled.

16. He, he!
[Line untranslatable]
In a swamp we sing.

Closing song.

17. He, he!
Sleepy,
Sleepy.
Tángwi!

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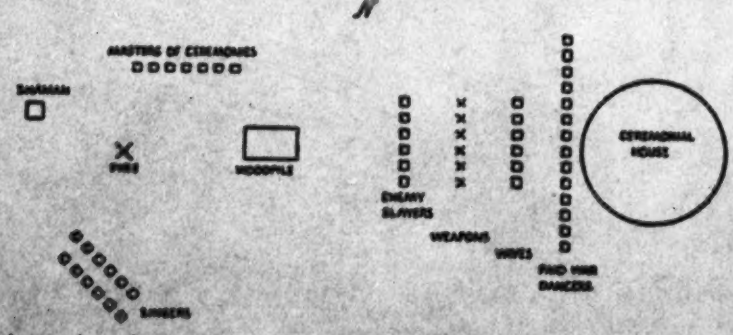
727 The dance around the pole took place every night, just after sunset. Meanwhile preparations were going on for the victory celebration, to be held on the sixteenth night. Women relatives of the enemy slayers brought enormous piles of wood, to be used for the fire and cooked quantities of food to be offered to visitors. Men relatives caught the horses, which they intended to give as presents to the dancers.

At sunset the people assembled for the last scalp dance, and when this was over the enemy slayers were brought to their position on the dance ground. They were seated east of the fire, behind them their wives, and farther back, the war dancers. There were one or more masters of ceremony, who were, according to one informant, the guardians of the enemy slayers. Ten former enemy slayers acted as singers and sat south of the dance ground. They used no instrument: "They did so once, and an enemy slayer died the next year."

ARRANGEMENT AT THE VICTORY DANCE (KOMARIK)

727 To their singing was performed the dramatic war dance, *kâ-*
535 *petua,* whose purpose was to purify the weapons of the warriors. The warriors themselves, being still ritually unclean, could have no part in it, but they and their families paid the dancers. These were active young men and women who had been sent for because of their skill or had volunteered from the audience. It was a favorite pastime of the youth of both sexes to practice and hold



themselves in readiness for this dance. With a man leading and several other men and women behind him, they gave a vivid imi-

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tation of battle, jumping forward and backward and brandishing shields and clubs belonging to the warriors. Any member of the audience might join them. When no dancers had been engaged, members of the audience, even women, volunteered to lead the dance. They were rewarded by the relatives of the enemy slayers, who put into their hands at the end of the dance a bit of manure indicating whether they were to receive a horse or a cow. In poor years the compensation might be only a basket.

The songs sung for the war dance are said to have been sung by Elder Brother on his campaign or when he had killed the monster eagle. Others might be dreamed and presented new on the occasion. Each song was sung four times. The dancers walked during the first two repetitions and leaped during the second two.

WAR DANCE SONGS

18. At the foot of the east I got drunk;
At the foot of the east I got drunk,
My younger brothers!
The white wind met me.
It will drive me mad.(27)

19. Yonder a man runs shouting, saying:
"Seclude [my family]," saying,
The enemy slayer is saying,
"Here long since has my shield been painted."(27)

20. Enemy slayer,
Your wife is running toward you.
Her hair is cut [in mourning];
Every morning she weeps.(27)

21. Prisoner children [the scalps],
I have adopted you.
Here all about me
Are standing eagle feathers.(27)

When someone is coming, a bear it is said, always holds his paw out straight, then rubs his body.

22. The little black bear!
'Tis on the edge of Crow Mountain he sits;
Toward the sun he is stretching out his paw.
"With that my heart I rub."(27)

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An Apache speaks.

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23. Gila fields lie stretched out yonder.
Eager to see them,
Softly I crept thither,
This my feather headdress shaking.

A Papago speaks, of the Apache.

24. Plumed Mountain stands afar;
Toward it I crept;
A feather headdress
Was shaking.(26)

25. Kill the Apache; kill the Apache!
Dry the skin; dry the skin!
Soften it; soften it!
I am happy with it
A-a a-ah!
But there are still Apaches left.(9) [13]

727 The last song is used also for the dance around the pole.

After the war dance came the ceremony of purification, described below. Next morning the visitors might perform the visiting dance, or they might contest with the home village at racing or kickball. Sometimes the festivities lasted several days and large [525] amounts of property changed hands during the betting.

WARRIOR'S PURIFICATION [14]

726 723 The taking of a scalp or a trophy was the ritual act which brought a man into contact with the supernatural. The mere shooting of an enemy, without touching him, did not have this effect, and a man who was willing to fight, but shunned the ordeal of purification, might hand over his privileges and duties as an enemy slayer to a comrade. The leader sometimes instructed his men before starting: "If you wish to become an enemy slayer, you will take a scalp; but if not, do not touch the Apache scalps

[13] A similar Pima song is quoted by Russell, p. 335. Other victory songs on pp. 337–38.

[14] Russell (pp. 204–5) describes a very strenuous purification among the Pima, but gives no speeches for it. In his account the warrior and his guardian wander about for sixteen days instead of sitting and waiting for a vision. [171]

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or Apache property." Because power was so highly valued, there are recorded few men who refused the opportunity.

The word "scalp" has been used for convenience, but more often it was merely a lock of hair quickly wrenched off. Four hairs, two from each temple, were said to be sufficient, and the twists of hair the writer saw were a foot long and of finger thickness. The warrior who had taken such a trophy became instantly at the mercy of supernatural power. If he continued to fight, he would have no strength and would probably be killed; so he retired from the skirmish and painted his face black, the color it would wear during purification.

The leader kept track of his men, and when he saw that several had retired from the conflict, he called a retreat. The enemy slayers, from the moment of their act, became taboo to their comrades and must stay together at a distance from the others, their blackened faces giving the warning. An old man of the party, who had himself been an enemy slayer, was appointed to take charge of them. This man was addressed by the title *"nyi ókta"* (the one who is made my father). He called his charge "my younger sister's son."

Every act which this ceremonial godfather performed for his charges was surrounded with ritual, which he must have learned by heart during his own purification. The speeches he made usually described some supernatural experience attributed to the younger warrior. The latter was now expected to have visions in which he would undergo such experiences, and the recitals he heard must have served many an unimaginative young man as a pattern.

The guardian first tied up the men's hair, since they themselves were not allowed to touch their heads.

ENEMY SLAYER SPEECHES

ON TYING THE ENEMY SLAYER'S HAIR

1. Am not I, even I, your guardian?
   And I tell you Something.

   It seems that at the east there lives a great yellow buzzard,
   A great shaman.

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783 He reveals Something to you.
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But now you were acknowledged [an enemy slayer].
You made your request to him and wept.
Then he picked you up, and far he threw you.
You fell half dead; you awoke; you came to yourself.

To the west then did you turn and look.
There hang powerful birds
In all directions, their great wings flapping.
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.
Toward the ocean hang powerful birds,
In all directions their great wings flapping.
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.
Toward the east hang powerful birds,
In all directions their great wings flapping,
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.
Toward the north hang powerful birds,
In all directions their great wings flapping.
Between those wings you rushed out on the right-hand side.

It was a twisting wind.
With it I knotted your hair at the back of your neck,
Twisting it as the wind twists.
With the remainder I tied it, handling you roughly.

Verily who desires this [experience?]
Do not you desire it?
Then must you endure many hardships.(7)

Next the guardian thrust into each man's hair a scratching stick, which in some villages was used for the whole of the ensuing sixteen days. In some, it was renewed at the end of every four days.

ON PLACING SCRATCHING STICK IN THE ENEMY SLAYER'S HAIR

2. Verily am not I your guardian?
And I tell you Something.

To the west you turned and saw
Great wingless birds.
Surely they are your guardians;
Thence they come and reveal to you Something.

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Their sharp feathers they pulled out;
They bent them into an arch, and toward the east they threw them.
Then came great darkness, glorious dizziness, and glorious drunkenness.
Therewith gloriously I knot your hair at the back of your neck,
And a sharp stick now I thrust into it.(7)

The guardian and his charges then started home, keeping some distance behind the war party, so as not to contaminate them. In the speech made on starting the guardian referred to the war party as beasts and birds, since they had these creatures as guardian spirits. His account of their camping is a symbolic mention of the four rainhouses in the four directions, since a successful war party brought rain. The mention of butterflies and the whirlwind has the same implication. Finally he mentioned the tree under which the warrior would sit during his period of segregation.

ON STARTING HOME WITH THE ENEMY SLAYERS

3. Ready!
Already they have gone, the great flying birds
And the beasts that run upon the earth.
They have returned upon their trail.

They camped first upon a white rock;
Then they camped upon a red rock;
Then they camped upon a black rock;
Then they camped upon a yellow rock;
Then, halting four times, they looked about them.
All kinds of butterflies and birds they saw beside the trail.

As they were going,
From above a whirlwind followed them, madly twisting.
It was the thing which they desired to see.
For this they came.

There is a tree standing alone,
Casting a cool shadow.
Under it you will seat yourself.
Your child must not come near and look upon you;
Your wife must not come near and look upon you.

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Verily who desires this?
Do not you desire it?
Then must you endure many hardships.(7)

A herald had already shouted the names of the enemy slayers as the party approached the village. Each man had chosen a guardian who would instruct him for the coming sixteen days and whose wife would take charge of the wife of the enemy slayer. As soon as the names were heard, the women guardians went to the homes of their young charges and escorted them to some point away from the house, where they built a shelter of boughs.

The enemy slayer was met outside the town by his selected guardian and led to a place at some distance from the village. Sometimes a little shelter of boughs was erected, or he might merely sit under a tree. In some villages he changed his location every four days, advancing gradually nearer to the village. The guardian, on establishing him in the shelter, addressed him.

ON ESTABLISHING THE ENEMY SLAYER IN HIS SHELTER

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4. You did rush forth.
Four times you halted, yonder; lo, you saw
Two branches arched together.
Before them hung an unpainted shield, circling in the wind.
Within hung a loud-striking club,
Whose sound echoed within you.
Two nights you passed there, and then you came forth;
Four times you halted, and yonder, lo, you saw
Three branches arched together.
Before them hung an unpainted shield, circling in the wind.
Within hung a loud-striking club,
Whose sound echoed within you.

Three nights you passed there, and then you came forth.
Four times you halted, and yonder, lo, you saw
Before you stood a green-leaved tree.
Four times you halted, and yonder, lo, you saw
Above you stood the talking tree.
Under it stood a reed cigarette, burning by itself.
You put it to your lips
And upon the west-sloping land you breathed out.

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There stood a low-hanging white-leaved tree.
Four times you stopped, and yonder, lo, you saw
A solitary tree stand, dripping shadow.
Under it you will seat yourself.
No child shall come near and look upon you;
No woman shall come near and look upon you.
Thus must it be with you.

Verily, who desires this experience?
Do not you desire it?
Then must you endure its many hardships.(7)

There began for the enemy slayer a period more rigorous than any on the warpath. He was expected to sleep very little and not to talk except to his guardian. The latter visited him at morning and at evening, bringing a little pinole, which he mixed and handed to him. If the slayer wished to show real fortitude, he would let the mixture settle, drink the thin solution on top and throw the rest away. He drank water only when the guardian presented it to him.

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ON PRESENTING THE ENEMY SLAYER WITH A CUP OF WATER.[15]

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5. Within my bowl there lies
Dazzling dizziness,
Bubbling drunkenness.

There are great whirlwinds inverted above us:
A great hawk heart,
A great bear heart,
A great twisting wind.
All these have gathered here
And lie within my bowl.

Now you will drink it.(7)

The cup which the enemy slayer used was made new for him by the wife of his guardian. In some parts of the reservation it was thrown away at the end of four days, and a new one was provided, the slayer thus sloughing off some of his impurities. On the same principle, he bathed every four days, washed the black

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[15] Though Russell gives no speeches for purification, his first song on p. 325 repeats the material of this speech.

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off his face, and then renewed it. The bath must be in cold water, which is always a ritual requirement. It was the duty of the guardian's wife to make water jars both for the slayer and the slayer's wife. These were never used again, but were discarded in the desert, sometimes with a hole through the bottom for ceremonial "killing." There was a ritual recitation used at the bathing, which has been lost.

The time for raids was usually in winter, so that the enemy slayer sometimes had a small fire in his shelter. The guardian brought him wood and lighted it, since the slayer himself must not kindle fire. The guardian said in leaving: "Here is firewood. If you are cold, help yourself." But he carefully noted how the embers lay, and when he returned, if he saw the fire had been stoked, he concluded his man lacked bravery.

The guardian often spent half the night with his charge, teaching him the war rituals and telling of his own visions. The recitations thus learned could be used to cure those who had been made ill by the scalps, as could any song dreamed by the warrior at this time. Two songs dreamed by the father of one informant are quoted. The dreamer had clubbed an old Apache woman to death.

6. I knew not what to do;
I knew not what to do;
I knew not what to do.
Then I knew.

Something I knew, I knew.
Clearly I knew.
I killed an old Apache woman;
She was crying.
From all directions light is shining.(26)

Though the warrior at this time was isolated from his family, the power which had touched him was thought to extend to them also. All expected to share to some extent in the good fortune which would accrue to him once his fetish was tamed, and all were menaced until he had it under control. Theoretically, the people so affected were all his kin, through his father, his mother,

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and his wife. Practically, there was a geographic distinction. Those who lived in the village with him and shared his economic interests bathed whenever he did, though they did not fast or segregate themselves. Anyone who might be visiting for the occasion did the same, but those at a distance felt "the power would not reach so far." For the children, the bath need not even be cold, for the Papago were very lenient in their ceremonial requirements for "those not old enough to understand." However, all must observe a quiet demeanor, talk in low tones, and go out of the house as little as possible.

The one exception to these rules was the warrior's wife. Whether she were in the village or not, her tie with her husband was considered so close that she needed the same purification as he did. Her ordeal, however, was merely for cleansing, not for power, and the extremest rigors were spared her. She was segregated in her hut; she fasted from meat, grease, and salt; she did not look at the sun or make her own fire, but she need not thirst, starve, or suffer cold. Also, she did not receive instruction, nor was she expected to dream. Her husband's dreams furnished the power for all.

The weapons, having touched the enemy, shared the warrior's contamination and were kept beside him during the whole of his seclusion, to be purified when he himself was purified. His scalp or trophy, which had hung on the pole, was removed by his guardian, or some other enemy slayer who dared to touch it, and specially prepared for use as a fetish. It might merely be decorated with beads, or it might be made into the effigy of an Apache, dressed in buckskin, with feather headdress. A woman skilled in making the old-time plaited baskets prepared one of the proper size to receive it. On the day before the victory dance, according to some(9), a man had been sent to the dance ground to note the exact place where the rays of the rising sun struck. In this spot, next morning, the trophy would be placed. On this day the enemy slayer neither ate nor drank, so that there would be no physical cause for him to leave the dance ground the following night.

This was the night of the victory dance, called *wùrita* (the tying up), referring to the tying of the scalp basket. That evening,

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when the dance around the pole was over, the enemy slayers and their wives were escorted to a place at the east of the fire and at some distance from it, since fire was one of their taboos. Depressions were made in the ground for them to sit in, and these were lined with skins. Two stakes were placed behind them as a backrest, since they were expected to sit upright all night without moving.

When they were seated, the war dancers helped themselves to the enemy slayers' weapons and purified them by the dramatic war dance described in the preceding chapter. Some time after midnight came the warriors' own purification.

Two shamans were sometimes called to lead the ceremony, and each sang one song four times.

SHAMAN SONG BEFORE PURIFICATION

7. A little red snake
Lies at the edge of the flat land.
Around the war club it is coiled.

A little black snake
Lies at the edge of the mountains.
Around the shield it is coiled.(9)

After this, each of the old enemy slayers sang two songs, each one four times. These songs, called *kùmmuta* (smoking over), were dreamed by enemy slayers during their period of purification. They were not songs from I'itoi's campaign: "Those were too powerful." As a consequence, the songs are not in series and may refer to anything dreamed by the composer. They should, nevertheless, be in pairs, each pair sung through four times. Informants who had forgotten one of a pair sometimes substituted any other song, even if not a war song, so that the form of repetition would be correct.

WARRIOR'S PURIFICATION SONGS, FIRST SERIES(9)

8. The eagle shield
Lies yonder far;
A green rainbow
Beside it lies.

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A soft rumbling like thunder
Shakes the mountains.

The hawk club
Lies yonder near;
A rosy rainbow
Beside it lies.
A soft rumbling like lightning
Shakes the flat land.

9. A little red puma
Was sitting still.
He laid hold on the darkness,
And toward the west he laid it down,
The zigzag lightning.

10. The sun is rising;
Beside it lies a bow.
On either side, a puma cub,
Light red.

11. What field is that
Where I hear talking?
Great darkness is coming from there.
Nearby it met me,
And here and there it tossed me.

WARRIOR'S PURIFICATION, SECOND SERIES(19)

12. Toward the north a man is shouting.
Toward the north a man is shouting.
The nearby fields and the mountains
Reverberate.

The corpse of an Apache speaks.

13. From above, over me,
Birds are descending.
Over me birds are fluttering.

14. Under a reddish rainbow
I am sitting.
Under a greenish rainbow
I am standing.

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15. My cigarette smoke
Covers Tecolote fields.
For, toward them my enemy is coming,
Spreading light.

16. The light of my cigarette,
The light of my cigarette
Covers Komatk Mountain.
Toward it I hasten;
Morning is appearing.

The returning warrior pictures his home.

17. At the bottom of the field of little ponds
The ground is very smooth;
At the bottom, there, it is shining.

18. Coyote, our comrade,
Yonder stood, far away.
A shield beside him he saw;
It seemed good.
He kept looking at it.[16]

19. Little Coyote
Came here.
He made my heart a dizziness.
Little scalp men
Were touching me all over.

20. Little Coyote
Stood yonder, nearby,
He yelped.
It was good to hear.

21. Coyote, my comrade,
Came here.
Here, around me circling,
Four times he yelped.
The darkness shuddered.

[16] Russell (p. 336), quotes a "tie" song or *wolute* (Papago, *wurita*) similar to Nos. 18–21, above. It may be a relic of a lost *wurita* ceremony.

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Modern song, dreamed during Apache wars, referring to the bow of a dead warrior. 727 ● 783 539x

22. Distant Arrow Feather Mountain
Lies stretched out,
In shape like the vanes of an arrow.
Upon it lies a bow
Broken in pieces.

The iron bow [a gun] thunders;
The iron bow thunders.
Within Catalina Mountain
It thunders.

Since the means for the conveyance of power was contact with the enemy, men wounded by him must purify and dream just like the enemy slayers. Even a wounded woman was eligible, and a very popular set of songs was composed by a woman shot by an Apache prowler. She was secluded and purified like an enemy slayer, with the wife of a slayer as guardian, and afterward she took her place at purifications with the men singers. 727 783

SONGS BY A WOUNDED WOMAN(19)

At sunset, when camping, she hears Apaches signaling. 727 783 539x

23. "I sit on dizzy ground
Behind Reed Mountain.
The sun is setting;
In sorrow it is setting."

The Apache speaks.

24. I was circling around
Circling around [the village of] Field Pond.
With my bow I was circling around.

The woman sings this as she faints.

25. Nawoka Mountain
Stands alone;
Under it my heart feels, indeed,
Like that of a woman.
My heart is leaving me.

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The wounded woman sings in delirium.

727 783 539

26. A black bear came;
He touched me all over.
Above me he wrung out the morning
[Like a cloth].

She refers to her dress, which two Apaches stole and took away as a trophy down behind Baboquiviri.

27. Behind the distant range of Baboquiviri,
Where flowers grow,
They took me.

28. The women gossip about me
They gossip about me.
They do not know that this, my heart,
Within me is dizzy,
[As though] full of water.

727 783 [539] When two singers had sung two songs each, they were given by the master of ceremonies two roots to chew, according to the moieties to which the enemy slayers belonged. For the Coyote moiety they chewed "scented grass" (unidentified); for the Buzzard moiety, *Houttynia californica*. Their breath scented with the herb, they blew smoke over the enemy slayers. Then they called them by the kinship term, and each wished for the new "ripe man" the same luck in war, hunting, or gambling that he himself had had.

TO WARRIOR AT VICTORY DANCE(19)

727 783 539

29. [Kin term].
Hail friend! You will be like me. Thus you will do.
You will never fear darkness or thirst or cold or hunger when you encounter them.

One speech was recorded as spoken by the guardian at this time as the last of his series of speeches.

ON SMOKING OVER THE ENEMY SLAYERS AFTER THE VICTORY DANCE[17]

30. Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy by many devices,
Did cause him, as he fought, to become like a ghost and to fall asleep:

[17] Compare the Pima speech, Russell, pp. 363-65.

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Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy.
Those of his kind with whom he went about and talked.
I did cause him to hate.
Becoming like a ghost; falling asleep.

Thus did I wreak ill on my enemy:
The child whom he caressed, I did cause him to hate.
The wife with whom he lay, I did cause him to hate.
Becoming like a ghost, falling asleep.
Verily it was this that I desired.

From the east did I cause to come
A white charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.
From the north did I cause to come
A red charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.
From the west did I cause to come
A black charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.
From the ocean did I cause to come
A painful charm of forgetfulness,
And beside his accustomed haunts I set it.

Then, thus I did:
Some of his belongings I took,
And high above me did I throw them.

From the east, then, white blasts rushed.
From the west, then, black blasts rushed.
From both sides, rushing together, they lashed one another.
Beneath the rain I went matching;
I seized my women [who had been captured],
I seized my children;
Nor was it hard to do.
Then hither I came to this my land.
I trod upon it and stood firm;
I sat upon it and sat still.

Thus perchance should all of you think and desire,
All you my kinsmen.(7)

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727 This readmission of the purified warrior into the fellowship of
773 kin lasted until almost dawn. Then the Apache effigy was brought and held up by the guardian or the shaman to catch the rays of the rising sun, in order to catch an enemy soul to animate the effigy. All Apache souls, alive and dead, are in the sun, and all are seeking an abode. The dead souls fly low; the live ones, high. The shaman recognized them as they came and moved the effigy up and down so as to avoid the dead ones and entrap a live one This done, he tied up the basket (9).[18]

[184] A long speech was recorded as being made at this time, the
727 northern Papago attributing it to the guardian; the southern, to
783 the shaman. It has the same effect of patching noted in one of the
637 warpath speeches and seems to represent fragments of at least three compositions. The sonorous beginning from the origin myth may once have continued to an account of the first purification. As recited, it launches suddenly into a description of the Apache. Then comes a portion whose repetitions have the style of some standard ritual and which seems to refer to the dreams of a warrior undergoing purification. This also breaks off and gives way to a vivid and colloquial account of tracking the enemy. In typical Papago fashion the actual killing is pushed into one brutal last sentence.

SPEECH OF SHAMAN OVER TROPHY

783 31. Who was it who did thus?
727 He spread the earth and finished it.
637 I'itoi, the shaman, did thus:
He spread the earth and finished it.
Upon it stones he set and finished.
Upon it trees he erected and finished.
Upon it mountains he erected and finished.
Springs of water he poured out and finished.

[18] This information came from a war shaman who had himself performed the ritual. He was confused about the detail of catching enemy souls and changed his statements about live and dead souls several times before deciding on the correct version. It seems possible to the writer that the soul catching may be a recent interpretation and that the parallel of this ceremony might be looked for in Mexican rituals where captive enemies were sacrificed to the sun.

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Pitoi speaks.

Upon it I sent forth my people
That they might look and go about,
Thus did I:

I moved them yonder, to the foot of the west.
Then rose a bitter wind, thence coming.
The trees uprooting, it threw about.
The rocks it threw about.
Therewith it killed my people.

In that direction going,
There, at the foot of the south,
I established them.
The earth was all laid bare.
Nowhere a tree stood.
Nowhere a mountain stood.

The Apache speaks.

Then, on it I came forth.
In white moccasins
I came forth.
With my face crookedly painted
I came forth.
With a headband under my forehead
I came forth.
With my hair tied in a war knot
I came forth.
With bloody wristguard
I came forth.
With all kinds of winds
I came forth.
With all kinds of clouds
I came forth.

The warrior under purification speaks.

It was well with the land.
I looked upon it and across it thus did go.
Upon my narrow field (the place of purification)
I reached my guardian.
Thus did he say:

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"My nephew,
Now I come close to you.
The people fear you.
Not near will they approach.
They will not look."
'Twas thus he said.
"Not this the land,"
He told me.
"Not here the road,"
He told me.

Here follows a symbolic description of Apache country.

Then, I, seeing,
Across [the land] thus did go.
Beneath a high two-pointed mountain
Water lies.
There sounds the chirping
Of all kinds of birds
And of scalps [in fetish baskets].
There a cold wind blows.
In that land, quickly arriving,
I reached my guardian.
Thus he said:

"My nephew,
Now I come close to you.
The people fear you.
Not near will they approach.
They will not look."
'Twas thus he said.
"Not this the land,"
He told me.
"Not here the road,"
He told me.

Then I, seeing,
Across [the land] thus did go.
Yonder three poles
Stood interlocked.
Within, a fine tree stood.
From it a fine male hawk

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Hung downward.
From the end of his tail
Blood was dripping.
That I liked to see.

The last lines describe an Apache tipi, with dead Apache or an omen of one.

Far yonder, beside the rising sun,
A house stood—
Red, with a domed roof;
There young women sat,
With headdresses of macaw feathers,
With headdresses of hawk feathers.
That I much liked to see.

From above, toward me,
A path was made.
On it I set my foot.
Up to the sky I came.
Many things happened there.
In there are many skins rolled up [Apache property],
And meat tied up in bundles,
And sinew tied in bundles,
And deer tails hanging.
From the tail ends blood was dripping.
That I much liked to see.

From above, behind me, there sounded,
The great blue fly, my pet.
Thus he said:
"What ails you? What are you doing,
Wandering thus?"
"They [the enemy] have spoiled our 'green weeds' (colloquial name for women),
And ran away laughing in many voices."

Then did I return,
I trailed their footprints and found two of their villagers.
The ground was soft [and held footprints]
Thus they said:
"I have seen nothing happening.
All day they [the warriors] have been here."

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[I said],
"I did not lose the trail,
I followed them straight.
And here the ground is soft.
Four times I circled round,
And I came back.
It must be here.
Come, admit it!
I will treat you as I would them."

Then I pulled out the club, hung to my belt.
With that I hammered them.
I finished them.(7 and 9)

727 As soon as the sunrays had struck the basket, its holder re-
793 placed the cover and handed the whole to the enemy slayer. It was now possible for him to touch this dangerous object, and he took it in his arms and addressed it as: "my child!" His wife called it by the name a woman uses to her children, and each of his children in turn called it "younger brother."

778 The warrior might now take it home. He kept it wrapped in
727 many layers of buckskin or in a jar, often not in the house "because of the danger of its power," but in a crevice in the rocks some miles away. The enemy slayer must visit it regularly, must supply it with offerings of eagle down, tobacco, deer tails, if he were a hunter, and sometimes with food. He must speak to it affectionately, reciting the ritual over it. This treatment made the trophy his servant and added the dead Apache's power to his own, but if he were lax in his attentions, he and his whole family would be open to misfortune.

He could, now, touch a dead enemy or an enemy's possessions without fear. The songs he had dreamed, or learned from his guardian during purification, could be used to purify other warriors, and he would be compensated with tobacco and food. He would expect to sit in the council, to have the right to speak, and to be generally regarded as a "ripe man."

† [Basket containing a scalp or other war trophy.- Ed.]

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796 431 syrup. These were reciprocated within the month with a sack of beans and a sack of wheat but later the same strangers gave presents again and a regular partnership was established.

Kuitatk to San Xavier (26)

Gift: A saddle (made of a straw-stuffed bag in the Papago manner) with two saddle bags, one filled with beans and one with corn. A coiled basket filled with seeds of the giant cactus (used to make flour).

Return: A horse with a leather Mexican saddle, a serape, a willow basket of chick peas and another of cooked tortillas.

Pima to Kuitatk (26)

Gift: A cotton sheet full of threshed wheat, a gray woolen blanket, a willow basket bowl filled with cooked squash.

Return: A two year colt, two plaited sleeping mats, a decorated clay pot containing about three gallons of cooked beans, a plaited tray bowl about a foot square filled with tortillas.

796 431 576 The etiquette of distribution was for the giver's wife to hand the goods to the wife of the recipient who would carry them home on her back. But the giver's wife often playfully chased her "opponent", pelting her with tortillas and syrup; a symbol, perhaps, of the enmity between the two villages which was now a joke. The giver placed the stick representing the name of his "opposite," in his corn bin, where it brought increase.

796 431 The use of a village name, in auspicious ceremonial circumstances, was always a service to be paid for by village residents. The special songs for rain were sung at the drinking ceremony, given at each main village for its whole unit but all visitors were invited to attend and share the blessing. If such a visitor heard the name of his own locality mentioned in the descriptions of the coming of rain clouds, he must provide a gift, for the mere singing of the name in such a connection would bring rain. Visitors used to come prepared with gifts but a recent one had nothing to hand over but his cowboy hat. The same principle holds in the curing songs, which describe the habits of the animal guardians. Any locality mentioned in the description will have blessing and its residents must show they are not stingy.

431 783 727 The second important occasion for ceremonial payments, was the purification of an Enemy Slayer. This man, during the sixteen days of his retirement, had a ceremonial godfather who called him by the same term used by a senior paternal uncle and who was, afterward,

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treated like an uncle in the matter of gifts. There were no clan, moiety or kin restrictions on the guardian's appointment. Here was another expedient for establishing relationships of trust with non-relatives.

The sixteen days of retirement were succeeded by a public ceremony when the Enemy Slayer was purified by the singing of men who had been through the same experience. They formed a kind of unorganized priesthood and were not paid. But the Slayer's weapons and, according to some, the scalp also, were purified by a special dance, performed by people of another village. The *kapetua* (leaping dance) was a graphic representation of a man in battle, performed with the warrior's own weapons. Any agile young man familiar with war technique was eligible to do it and groups of them habitually practiced. Women might follow them, carrying weapons and imitating their movements. A victory in war was often followed by intervillage games in celebration but even if it was not the time for this, all neighboring villages were invited to the purification ceremony "because the warriors suffered for all". Among them might be several men prepared to do the leaping dance. Paying the dancers was the duty of the hero's family and particularly those who formed part of his geographic unit and would share his honors and good luck. But a scalp brought into the village gave it rain and any villager who helped in the payment for this would have specially good luck with his crops.

One dance was performed for each Enemy Slayer, sometimes by the same performers, sometimes by different ones. After each dance the two leaders, who bore shield and club, should receive horses or cows (or a bit of manure representing them) while the others had lesser gifts. The hero's father and uncles should give the animals and any of them who could, provided the gift. "He didn't get anything back. Just good luck."

If the family could afford no animals, some one else would volunteer for the honor of the village, and probably be paid back in time by gifts from the family though the statement is that "he did not want anything. He did it for the village." It was at this time that the generous man got his reward "for if the hero's father had not been stingy, then everybody would help him make gifts "but otherwise, the provision would be meagre and the other villages would "talk about him and his son." This was disgrace.

The gifts collected were placed in two piles near the dance ground, one pile for men and one for women, and a man and woman of the hero's family were selected to distribute them. There follows a list from a ceremony at Kuitatk, about 1860. The hero, in this case,

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was a mature man, with no father to make his gifts and those contributing were:

Enemy Slayer: A horse, and a dressed buckskin
Enemy Slayer's younger brother: a horse, and dressed buckskin
Another younger brother: a willow basket
Another younger brother: a dyed cotton belt and a buckskin
Sister: a plaited mat and a willow basket.
Younger brother's son: a basket of corn and beans
Sister's son: a basket of corn and beans.
Children of the other siblings gave baskets of food. There were a few gifts from villagers not remembered. (26)

After this ceremony and after the intervillage games described above, there was always gambling: the occasion *par excellence* for exchange of goods on a large scale with people who were otherwise strangers. The Papago had no public markets and the people who had opportunity to travel for trade were comparatively few. But, for the intervillage games, several villages might move bodily to one spot taking with them all their worldly possessions to bet on the games. This formed one of the principal occasions for distribution of goods and it was often by this means that Mexican knives and cloth found their way to the northern villages and American goods to the south.

The games played have been described under another heading but the method of exchange may be noted. The Papago used, for matching bets, a word which means literally "to meet" and they matched the stakes article by article. If a buckskin shirt was bet on one side, a shirt of equal value must be found among the stakes on the other and the two tied together. Baskets, pots and skins must be placed two and two. Horses and cattle must be in the same corral but since it was at some distance from the racetracks, pieces of manure were tied together to represent the animals. When the games were over, the winner took both articles. Beside the public games, there was a great deal of private betting constantly going on, between women and men alike. It was no uncommon thing for a person to be stripped of everything he owned and the ceremonial aura which hung about all games thus lent sanction to a movement of goods which might not have taken place otherwise, among people with so little surplus for trade.

RECENT CHANGES

The above system of economics prevailed in the childhood of present old informants. At that time, two gradual changes were going on. The disturbed condition of Mexico was causing movement

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WAR

721 War, with the Papagos, was not an occasion for prestige as with
727 the Plains tribes nor of booty as with the Apache. It was a disagreeable necessity. The enemy, generally the Apache, was regarded as a shaman. His person, or anything that had touched him, was taboo. Therefore all booty was burned and the man who had killed an enemy or been wounded by him had to go through a long ordeal of purification.

721 War was enveloped in a mass of ritual but none of it was in glorification of combat. The ceremonial orations frequently end: "It is that vile wretch (the enemy) not we, who is uttering threats." Men were urged to fight in order to do their duty by their kinsmen and when this duty was done, they had to spend both time and material goods in purification during which they were frequently adjured:

"Verily who desires this?
Do not you desire it?
Then learn to endure hardship."

The reward of victory for the individual was the acquisition of power, not for war, but for curing. For the community as a whole it was that summum bonum of an agricultural people, rain and a good harvest.

702 Nevertheless, because of the Apache menace, the Papago were forced to train their youths to war; the respected men in the community had to be Enemy Slayers and a man who had no taste for fighting at all was practically forced to declare himself a berdache. Training began when boys were about fourteen.

[517] In leisure periods, like the time after harvest, boys would be gathered daily at the house of the Keeper of the Meeting and he or the war leader would tell them war stories and explain fighting methods (9). Beginning with the age of twelve or so, they were given practice in using the shield, in shooting and dodging arrows. A row of boys holding shields would stand at one end of an open space and at the other a row with bows and blunt, wooden-tipped arrows. They were told to run toward each other and at a given distance the archers were to shoot, aiming at the legs so a wound would not be dangerous.

The business of the shield bearers was not to attack but to learn to dodge the arrows. They were told never to stand with their legs

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726 nearby, and the rest, as they were wounded with the poisonous herb, died along the trails.[1]

The "Pimas" here spoken of were the Sóba Jípuris who later became amalgamated with the people of San Xavier. There was probably a good deal of cultural difference between these agricultural eastern people and the western nomads whose unwillingness to fight was noted even by the Spaniards.[2]

PURIFICATION

783 The Spaniards, although they mention the scalp dance, say
727 nothing of the arduous process of purification which constituted a killer an Enemy Slayer. The central idea of this seems to be that the enemy and all his possessions were dangerous. Contact with them, even though it was victorious, put a man in touch with supernatural power which could destroy him unless he fasted and dreamed in order to learn to handle it.

Therefore a man who had killed an enemy left the fight immediately. He blackened his face, fasted and used a scratching stick and kept away from the others until he was ritually purified. According to one informant, it was possible to avoid the ritual of becoming an Enemy Slayer, if one were willing to take the risk and waive the privileges it involved. Some men "like to fight but didn't dream much." These might ignore the killing of an enemy or turn the prerogatives of a Slayer over to another man. The idea of contamination attached also to a Papago wounded by the enemy. He must be segregated and go through the same purification as a Slayer. This was true even of a wounded woman.

"Once the Apache stabbed a woman at Field Pond. The Papagos had had the drinking ceremony and this woman's husband had stabbed her while drunk. The woman ran away to where the Water Whirls Around but her husband followed her on a mare and got her to come back with him.

West of the Place of the Dead Dog they passed a mesquite tree and some Apaches leaped out. The horse shied, the woman fell off and the Apaches stabbed her. However, they did not kill her.

She was then taboo just like a wounded warrior or an Enemy Slayer. She could not be taken into the village, but the Papagos built a fire and an old woman, the wife of an Enemy Slayer, came out to take care of her. Then they built a shelter and the old woman stayed with her for sixteen days." (19)

766 Dead comrades and all their possessions must be burned, not
727 buried as was the usual custom. Dead enemies must not be touched

[1] Bolton, 1919, 1. p. 179.

[2] Doc. Hist. III, v. 4, p. 892.

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except by one who had been through the purification of an Enemy Slayer or who was about to go through it. But as many as liked might gather around and make comments on the dead enemy's appearance. Whatever they shouted would be used later as their own nicknames and such names were much prized. One man had the nickname Gold Breasts, because he had used this expression about a dead Apache girl. Another was called Big Ribs because of his comment on a man.

No booty could be taken. All enemy possessions must be burned by Enemy Slayers, qualified to touch it. There were two exceptions. Enemy women and children were sometimes captured, not to be adopted, but to be sold as slaves in one of the markets. They could bring nothing with them, however. All their clothes and possessions must be burned.

Also, each killer took a trophy from his victim. This was originally the scalp and so it appears in the tales of Elder Brother's campaign. Later it was only a lock of hair or four hairs from each temple. These were subsequently tied up with beads and ornaments or made into an effigy of the enemy himself with Apache dress and weapons. After the warrior's purification this served him as a fetish which must be tended and which would, in turn, give him power. Some men did not take scalps at all but brought one article of clothing, such as a moccasin or belt. This object was purely ceremonial. It was not to be used but to be kept in a basket like the effigy.

The formalities after a fight have been given in detail in another place. They involved the segregation of the Slayers for sixteen days, during which they were tended and instructed by ceremonial godfathers who, ever afterward, were regarded as relatives and so adopted into the gift giving circle. The wives of the godfathers tended the warriors' wives who were also secluded and made the new clay bowl and the olla for bathing water which was supplied to them each every four days. Meantime the warrior's relatives collected goods to pay the performers of the leaping dance which would purify his weapons on the final night of purification.

During the warrior's seclusion, the whole village danced around the scalp every night. It was finally purified on the last night by a leaping dance, performed by people of another village bearing the warrior's weapons and paid by his family. If the warrior were one of those particularly daring ones who fought with club and shield, a new shield was sometimes made for him on this occasion but this seems to have been optional. He sat through the purification of his weapons and finally was, himself, purified by the singing of other scalpers who, as mentioned before, had something the status of an

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727 783 informal priesthood. Finally he was given the scalp, enclosed in a special ceremonial basket, like those which held the village arcana.

721 778 It was for this final reward that men really went to war. The safety of the village and the fact that a scalp brought it rain were stressed in speeches and were certainly the motive for a war party being ordered. But the individual had a definite emolument when he procured this trophy which would bring him luck ever afterward and which was a definite source of material income. The presence of the scalp and the songs learned during purification cured the scalp sickness which meant any nervous disorder or sexual excitement. Such things were thought to be akin to the madness of war and the warrior who had power over such madness could cure them and thus "feed himself."

His scalp trophy, as the saying was: "worked for him like a relative." The interpretation of his relationship with it was that he had taken it into his family. He now had to "feed" it with tobacco and eagle down, and, according to some, talk frequently to it, telling it his plans. It would reciprocate, as relatives did with that which it had to give, *i. e.* power in war and general good luck. But if he neglected it, the gift would not be made: the scalp would cease to be a relative and would do him harm just as it did to the uninitiated.

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581
586 "A playful woman had married three or four men but had left them all. She was at a drinking ceremony and danced all night with a chief who was tall and liked to dance, but he was old. She could not see that at night. In the morning he put her on the horse with him to go home. She said, "Where do you live?' 'At the place of the Dead Dog.' 'Oh, that's too far.' So she jumped off the horse and left him. She had seen by the rising sun that he was old." (26)

"The chief of our village is so old that he is blind and deaf. He has lived all his life with one wife. They never quarrel. That is true of many of our people." (26)

THE BERDACHE

838 The male transvestite was a common figure. It is comprehensible that a man who balked at the rigors of war and hunting should accept woman's clothing as an alternative entirely without opprobrium. But the berdache was said to have been discovered in early childhood. If the parents found that a boy liked female pursuits they tested him. The regular pattern, mentioned by many informants, was to build a small enclosure and place in it bow and arrows and basketry materials. Thechild was told to go in and play and then the parents set fire to the enclosure. They watched what he took with him as he ran out and if it was the basketry materials, they reconciled themselves to his being a berdache.

The berdache performed women's work. He made one of the group of women on food gathering expeditions and was treated as one of themselves. He was often a clever potter and basket maker and an asset on food gathering expeditions, because he "didn't get tired as we did". He also played an important role in the village.

●[727] When the Apache trophy was hung up, if there was a berdache in the village, he might dance around it with a bow taunting it: "See what you are reduced to! The men will not look at you, but I, even I, can shoot you" (27).

[588] The berdache might marry, but often, since he was entirely able to work and support himself, he lived alone and was visited by the men. To each visitor he gave an obscene nickname and the men were very proud of these, since they were often bolder than those bestowed by women. No scorn was felt for the berdache. He was respected and liked by the women and his sex life with the men was a community institution.

One informant thus described her berdache brother-in-law:

"We girls used to spend all day with that man-woman, Shining Evening. She went off with us to gather plants and she could carry more than any of us and dig longer. She ground corn with us, all

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told the gopher to gnaw their arrows. And I know that they called on our dead warriors who have turned into owls and live in the Apache country to come and tell them where the enemy were. Facing the enemy they sat, while they sang, that they might bring darkness upon him. 159x 533 726

All that time the medicine man sat alone on a little hill waiting for the owl-dead to come to him. He had dreamed of owls himself and so he could speak with them. They always took an Owl-Meeter on to war with them to call the dead who are our spies. 159x 787 726

Soon that medicine man came back to the others and said: "Has anyone some of our old, wild tobacco?" They gave him some. Then he went back and they saw lights when he made two cigarettes. They saw those lights move as cigarettes do when two people are smoking. They heard the medicine man talking, very low, and then they saw both cigarettes thrown away. The medicine man came back and said: "The enemy are at Smooth Ground. We will come up with them at noon tomorrow."

So they did. They jumped on the enemy and fought. When our men go toward an Apache, they do not just walk. They leap. My father got separated from the others, he and one Apache. There was a giant cactus between them. You know a cactus trunk is as wide as a thin man. Each shot at the other, and the other dodged behind the cactus till it was stuck full of arrows to the height of a man. 159x 726

They could both talk a little Spanish, so they shouted at each other. The Apache said: "I am a *man*." My father: "I, also, a *man*!" They threw down their bows and arrows and started wrestling. My father was down. Far away, his brother saw that and came running. He clubbed the Apache from behind. My father got up and clubbed, too. So he was dead and my father and his brother were Enemy Slayers.

They stopped fighting right away because an enemy's death lets power loose. You must take care of yourself until you have tamed that power or it will kill you. You could not stand against arrows with such power around you. You would be like a sick man. You would fall. So they painted their faces black to show what had happened. They carried black paint for that in little deerskin bags. They stood away from the others, and other men who had killed came to join them. 159x 727 978 [302]

The leader of the fight saw and he sent an old man who had killed, himself, so that he was not in danger. That man kept them away from the other men the way you keep away people who have a sickness. He made them walk behind the others and camp away from them all the way home. They never mixed their cornmeal for themselves. He mixed it for them—oh, so very little! Brave men do not want to eat when they are getting

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power. He spoke to them, telling them how they would dream. I do not know what he said to them. Old men know that—old Killers. Even a Slayer's woman like me is not told. But my father told me the end of every speech he made because it was always the same:

Verily, who desires this thing?
Do not you desire it?
Then learn to endure hardship.

One morning we heard shouting. It was the messengers from the war party, two men who had been sent ahead on the fastest horses. They were far outside the village, standing up in their stirrups and yelling:

One Ear —— has killed!
Ridge Face —— has killed!
The Gambler —— has killed!

The last one was my father. They called the name of his brother too, but it was words you white people do not like to say, about peoples' bodies.

We heard them far off, over and over again in a loud sing-song, and everyone came outside to listen to know if we now belonged to the families of Enemy Slayers.

My mother had a basket of corn kernels in her hand; she was going to grind flour. But when she heard the shout she set it down and just stood there. Then Leaf Buds came running to our house. She just motioned to my mother to come with her. My mother did not speak to us, and she did not take anything with her; just her cotton blanket to put over her head, because the wife of a man who is being purified must not see the sun. The husband of Leaf Buds was building a shelter for my mother, out away from the houses. He had to run to do it as soon as he heard the shouts. Until it was done, my mother went to Leaf Buds' house and sat there with her blanket over her head, not speaking. They did not make us children do anything, because children cannot stand the suffering of being purified. But my grandmother called us into the house and told us to stay quietly there. She gave us sticks to scratch our heads with so we would not use our hands and make our hair fall out. She told us not to speak much and never to go near the fire.

So we could not go out to see the men come in. The young girls whose men were not Enemy Slayers ran out to meet the fighters, far into the mountains. Ah, that is a good dance. I did it myself, at other times when there was no Power in the family. The girls stand across the warriors' path and take their weapons from them. They take arrows and quivers and bows,

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yes, clubs and shields. And they dance with them in front of the men. They dance and they sing with those weapons, and they will not give them back until the men have paid them.

We heard those girls run out, the girls who could run far. And when the men came near we saw the old woman go dancing out; the woman who takes the scalps. Foamy Water was her name; a woman who could not menstruate and hurt those powerful things. She took it when she was old enough from her mother who was called Painted Girl, because Painted Girl was so old she could not dance any more.

But Foamy Water danced hard. They gave her the hair of the Apache, not scalps, just long hairs from the temples, and they gave her his beaded buckskin shoe. They had tied those things on a pole, and she came dancing with it into the village, dancing at every house. She came outside our house making the pole go up and down. She sang:

Here I stand, singing for my prisoner
Come and see, Oh, women!
I dreamed that I saw light
At the tips of the warriors' feathers.

Then she stuck the pole in front of the council house and all the people went there to hear about the fight. It is the two messengers who tell that story before the fighters come, and sometimes after they tell about the killing, they end up: "But they got some of our men." Then they tell how they made a fire and burned up the dead men with everything they had. Because we dare not bury a man who died in the enemy's country. We must have fire to take away the power of the Apache.

We thought if anyone was dead we would hear the crying. So my grandmother listened; she knew the women's voices. But there was no crying. So my grandmother cooked us our food, and she did not put any salt in it, because we were being purified. I sat by the house wall away from the fire and I was cold. I heard the men who had not killed come into the village, yelling and whipping their horses, and I heard everybody singing at the council house, stamping up and down:

Poor crow. There it hangs. Poor crow.

They sang that way every night for all the days of purifying. It is a good thing to have the enemy's hair raised on a pole above our houses. It calls the clouds to it and brings rain on our land, and then the corn comes up. But those who have brought the blessing cannot dance. Not they and not their families. Leaf Buds' husband went out to meet my father and led

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him to a mesquite tree far away so that his power would not come near us. He hung his bow and arrows on that tree, and my father sat down under it. So! Do you see? With legs under him and his head on his breast. So our powerful men always sit waiting for a vision. And visions always came to my father.

I did not know
I did not know
And then I knew.

That was what he sang, all alone in the night.

Alas!
Something I know
Clearly I know
I killed an Apache woman
She was crying.

And now light has come to me.

That is the song the Killers have sung since the first one killed an enemy woman. It says that the light has come and told them how to purify themselves.

We did not go near my father. That would have made us sick. And we could not go near my mother in her shelter of branches. But we used to run behind the house and watch when she came out once or twice a day with the sheet over her head so the sun should not see her.

We saw Leaf Buds working all the time making pots. She was a good potter. That was one reason my father had chosen her husband to take care of him, for many bowls are used while a person is being purified. Leaf Buds made new clay bowls, and in one of them she took pinole to my mother, and her husband took another to my father. Every four days the bowl had to be thrown away because it had too much of the power, and she had to have a new one ready. That was the woman who worked hard! She had to make two great jars, new so that they would keep the water cool, and in them she and her husband had to bathe my mother and father every four days. They poured that water over their heads while they sat still, arms folded. It takes a great deal to wash off that power and make it fit to use.

My grandmother bathed us children. She came with the jar at dawn and I ran away around the house. It was cold. She caught me and made me sit facing the west with my arms folded, just like my father. Then she poured it over my head and said: "Now you'll be early rising and industrious. You'll go early for water and wood." She poured it over my brothers

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too, and said to them: "Now you'll be a good runner, a hunter, able to stand cold and hunger. A Killer!" Those are the things that come to us, the families of the powerful. 159x 727 783

The rest of our family were getting ready for the dance. All the old Enemy Slayers were going to sing for my father to take him back again when the four times four days were over. My grandmother boiled big pots of dried corn and dried squash and succotash, to give those singers food. [252] All my father's sisters and the wives of his brothers made tortillas. The young women of our family brought wood for the dance fire. My father's brothers counted how many cows and horses they could give to the dancers. Our family did not have much because our men were always fighting. They were brave.

At sunset, when the four times four days were over, the people came to the dance place. Then they brought my father and the Enemy Slayers and us, too. They did not take us to the fire. Far away in the cold they dug four little holes and there the Slayers sat, facing east. Behind them there were holes for their wives. They must sit up all night, straight and not move. They had stakes driven into the ground behind them so they could lean back a little when they were too tired. My grandmother sat with us children far away in the dark. 159x 727 783 535

The people went around the fire singing. [533]

Kill the Apache, kill the Apache!
Dry the skin, dry the skin!
Soften it, soften it!
Hang it up, hang it up!
A-a-a-a-a-a-h!
There are still some Apaches left.

I could not hear the songs that night when my father was a Slayer but I know them now, for I learn well. I learn everything that the men sing.

The people stopped going around, and a man came into the middle to dance the warrior's dance. Only a young man can do that dance. He holds the shield and a club, and first he leaps to one side and then to the other as though the enemy's arrows were flying at him. Then he leaps up and lets them pass under him. Behind him, other young men, or maybe women, if they are strong and wild, take bows and arrows and leap as he does. The singers sing for them.

Sitting with my back against the dawn [533]
I got drunk, my younger brothers.
I met the white wind and it drove me mad.

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Four young men danced. To each, one of my father's brothers came up and put a piece of manure into his hand. First it was from a cow and then another cow, and then a horse and another horse. That was what my family gave to men who leaped in the war dance. It made them (my family) poor.

Then the old warriors began to sing for the Slayers, because the Pleiades had come to the top of the sky and it was midnight. They sang very secret songs that had come to them when they themselves were purified. Then they lit a long cane cigarette, such as our people used to use, and went and blew the smoke over the new Slayers. They spoke to them as relatives, taking them back again. "Hail, my younger brother. Hail, my nephew. Thus I do to you. You will be like me. You will be a great Killer. You will always find the enemy. You will be hunger enduring, cold enduring, thirst enduring. Thus you will live well." I could not see all this. They made me stay in the dark with my grandmother. But my father told me afterward, for I am a woman to whom a man can tell solemn words and she will remember them well.

Then they took my father out in the dark before the morning came and bathed him again, and they bathed us, too. Then we were purified and we could have the Apache scalp in our family to work for us like a relative. All the time that my father was being purified a woman had been making a basket, the kind that we use only for scalps and other sacred things. My father's guardian had taken the Apache hair and made it into a little man. He could touch Apache hair because he was a Slayer and it would not make him sick.

That little man had a buckskin shirt with fringe, like an Apache, and a feather in its hair and little moccasins. The guardian brought it to my father in the basket. My father was not afraid of that enemy's hair. He said to it: "My child." Then he gave it to my mother and she took it in her arms and said: "My child." He gave it to my brothers and my sisters and me. We held it and said: "My younger brother." Then it was in our family and it would always help us. My father laid it in the basket and all around it he put eagle feathers which are powerful. He put in tobacco and he said: "This is your house, my child." Then he wrapped that basket in deerskins and hung it in the thatch and we had Power.

III

My younger brother was going to be a medicine man. We knew it from the time he was very little, because sometimes he would fall over as if he was dead. Sitting in the house with us, he would fall over. Or when he was

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sang all night, using the treatments peculiar to his own dream. This relieved the young man and he had no return of the trouble.

Before proceeding further it is important to note the manner of keeping an Apache scalp, and the beliefs concerning it. The scalp of a slain Apache was placed in a basket resembling a small packet. The ceremony connected with this placing of the scalp is described in the chapter on war customs. This "scalp basket" or "spirit basket" was kept with great care and offerings of food were given it. So long as this was done the spirit of the dead Apache was said to be satisfied, but if it were not "properly treated and fed" it escaped from the basket and "put poison in the food," causing disease. If the basket was carelessly treated by its owner he would fall ill, and if one of his children disturbed it the child would be seized with illness at a later time.

When a person was "troubled by an Apache spirit" it was customary to use, in the treatment, certain songs given by Apache spirits for that purpose. The same songs were sung in the *Limo*, which followed the return of victorious warriors. Kiyatan, who recorded Komotan songs (pp. 113, 114), said that in a case of Komotan illness a diagnostician would be summoned and usually directed the sick man to send for a doctor who knew the Komotan songs. The singing of these songs would usually cure the man and he would be up in a day or two. If these were not effective the diagnostician was recalled. He would "look inside," say the sickness was still there, and tell the family they must send for a *siâkum*—i. e., a man who had killed and scalped an Apache. This man would bring his "spirit basket" which contained the Apache scalp fastened to a wooden effigy (see p. 195). He would take out the effigy and press it against the man's body, saying, "Cure this man." He also took white clay from the spirit basket, moistened a little of it and applied it to the chest and forehead of the sick person. The diagnostician did not sing, neither did the *siâkum* who "made passes over the sick man's body, stroking it to get the sickness out." If this did not cure it was said the man either had two diseases or a different disease than the Komotan. The diagnostician would then consider the case again and summon another singer. Eagle feathers were commonly used in treatment of this disease, the doctor stroking the sick man's body with them.

As already indicated, the two diseases attributed to Apache spirits were known as Koŏp and Komotan. Both were attributed to careless or disrespectful treatment of a "scalp basket" and the second was the more severe. The Apache spirits were regarded as small, like pygmies. As indicated in a previous paragraph, they stayed in the "scalp basket" if they were properly treated; if not, they came out of the basket and made trouble. In the Koŏp they attacked

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726 After these speeches the men gathered up their belongings and went to the place where they camped. Soon after daylight they made the attack.

755 All the medicine men who accompanied a war party carried herbs for the care of the wounded, but used them only if singing and the exercise of "magic" power had failed. In that event a medicine man tried herbs and warm water, washing the wound or administering an herb drink. There was no singing with this treatment. When the man began to improve it was customary to apply a poultice to his wound, consisting of powdered root prepared either with or without water. The medicine man carried his herbs in a buckskin bag.

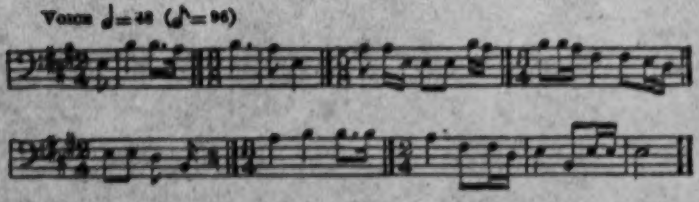
727 A war party returning victorious was always preceded by a herald who reached the village about daybreak. The man chosen for this duty was usually a good singer, but Hugh Norris said his father told of an instance in which the herald could not sing. This man made up a sort of song in which he said that he could not sing but the Papago were victorious, and then he began to yell, which spread the good news quite as effectively.

X 533 The song next following is concerning the man who announces the approach of a victorious war party.

No. 134. "The Voice of the Herald"

(Catalogue No. 1069)

Recorded by JUANA MARIA



TRANSLATION

When the morning starts and the sun comes up.
When the morning starts and the sun comes up.
At that time the voice of the herald sounds sweet.
It seems to be calling to me.

Analysis.—This song is transcribed with A as its keynote, although neither C sharp nor G sharp are present. This tone material is the first five-toned scale, according to Helmholtz's designation of pentatonic scales. Progression is chiefly by fourths and whole tones. The first six measures contain a downward trend of an octave. These are followed by a short rest and an ascending seventh. The rhythm changes and the last four measures have a ring of triumph, as though the herald were announcing a victory. The melody progresses chiefly by fourths and whole tones.

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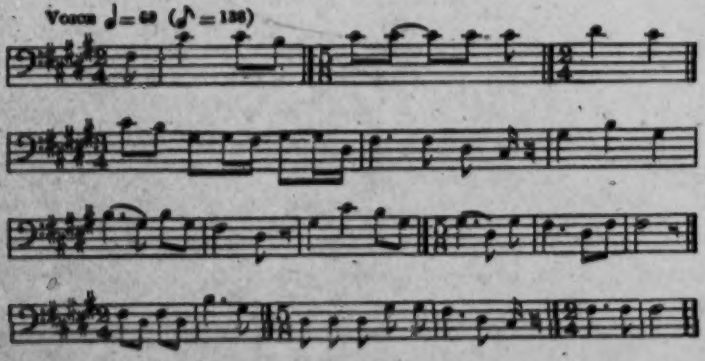
When the warriors approached the village the women, especially the relatives of warriors, went to meet them and receive the trophies they brought. The warriors danced on their way to the village, and on reaching the village they went to every house and danced. When this was finished they stopped until evening, when the scalp dance began. Captives, as well as scalps, were brought by the returning warriors, and the next song is concerning children taken captive among the Apache. The song has a dignity and pathos that are worthy of note.

No. 135. "The Little Captive Children"

(Catalogue No. 1062)

Recorded by VICTORIA



TRANSLATION

Men shouting "brother," men shouting "brother,"
Among the mountains they have taken little Apache children where the sun went down in sorrow,
All women, what shall we do to realise this?

Analysis.—The words and idea of this song are so unusual that we look for some peculiarity in the melody. We find that almost half the intervals are minor thirds, though the song is major in tonality, and that about 19 per cent of the intervals are fourths, while the major third does not occur. The last two measures, preceded by a rest and containing no progressions, are an admirable expression of the appeal contained in the final words of the song.

Warriors who had been wounded were taken to a quiet place at some distance from the camp, where they remained four days. By the end of that time it was known whether they would recover.

The warriors who killed Apache were required to undergo an ordeal of purification called lustration, during which they endured even greater hardships than on the warpath, thus expiating the crime of

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727 783 murder. The time of this ordeal was 16 days, divided into four periods of four days each. The entire time was called *Wowanda*, meaning "tying up." This term refers to the manner of putting the Apache scalp in a basket, which will be described. The warriors were taken to some secluded place and deprived of every comfort. They were allowed no warmth and no more bedding than when they were on the warpath. They could not even see a fire and a man who attended them was required to shield his cigarette so that they would not see its light. They wore their hair loose as though in mourning; were not allowed to scratch their bodies with their hands and were subject to many other rules. Each warrior was attended by a man of the tribe who brought him four pinches of pinole in a cup of water, morning, noon, and night, and also took him out for exercise every day. At first the attendant "walked the warrior" and then quickened the pace to a brisk run.

727 783 X533 Four songs of this period were recorded, the second and third being transcribed. These were addressed to the warriors by old men who had charge of them during their retirement. The idea of the songs is, "You need not be proud of having killed Apache, for your hardest test is yet to come." The words of the first song are:

Now we are going to learn something,
You say you are brave, you say you are brave,
Now we will learn whether you are brave,
You will train yourself to endure hardship,
All the tops of the mountains you will travel,
You will have very little food or bedding,
So we will learn whether you are brave.

A peculiar idiom occurs in the word "will travel," the word being the future tense, but the idea being that of a past action, referring to the recent experiences of the warrior.

It is said that a young man once complained of the treatment he was receiving and said to the old man in charge of the warriors, "You ought to treat us better; we are about sick." The following song contains the old man's reply.

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X533 *Analysis.*—In the steady rhythm and frequent quarter notes of this song we feel the power and self-control expressed in the words. The tempo is more rapid than in a majority of songs in this group. The song is rhythmic but not thematic in character and is based on the fourth five-toned scale.

The fourth song of the group was not transcribed, but contains the following words:

We sit here and sing, all of you feel brave, some of you
say that you are brave.
Think of your club,
Have it ready in your hand for use in danger,
Your mind will shine ahead of you and tell you what to do.

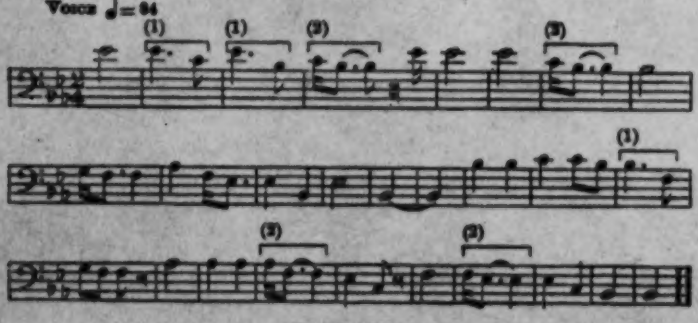
These four songs are characterized by a repetition of a descending and ascending whole tone, and by the interval of a fourth. The songs not transcribed resemble those that are transcribed and the peculiarities of the group are not commonly noted in Papago songs.

727 While the wounded warriors and those who had killed Apache were
535 in seclusion the remainder of the war party were leading a victory dance. The scalps of the Apache were placed on poles that were stuck in the ground and the people danced around them. Any member of the tribe might take one of the poles, dance with it, and return it to its place.

X533 The two songs next following are songs of the scalp dance and were recorded by a man who had been to war against the Apache. The next song was sung by the warriors, and the last portion of the words may refer to the ordeal of purification already described.

No. 138. "Sing Louder" (Catalogue No. 1002)

Recorded by JOSE MANUEL



TRANSLATION

Sing it so I will hear as you sing.
It is your own fault that will punish you for what you have done.

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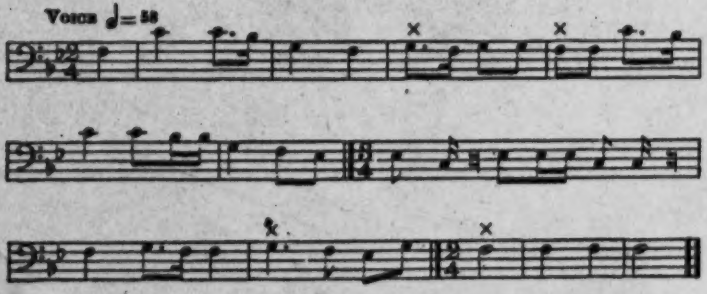
appear to have been more clearly defined than among other tribes under observation. The song had two sets of words, one of which appeared to be spoken by the Apache and the other by the pursuing Papago.

No. 141. Song Concerning a Wounded Apache

(Catalogue No. 1020)

Recorded by RAFAEL MENDEZ



WORDS

(First set of words, supposed to be spoken by the Apache)

Near sunset time I fall down,
Near sunset time I fall down,
I am going almost like a drunken man.

(Second set of words, indicating where war cries were given)

It is toward evening (yell), he falls (yell),
It is toward evening,
He falls, he staggers like a drunken man (yell).

Analysis.—This is an excellent example of a song on the first five-toned scale in which the third and seventh tones of the octave are omitted. A dotted eighth followed by a sixteenth note occurs frequently, and the song has the general effect associated with a five-toned scale. It begins and ends on the fifth, while the keynote appears only as an unaccented tone. The song is particularly vigorous except the final phrase, which is almost appealing. The triumphant yells of the warriors occur three times in the song.

The time required for the purification of Papago who had killed Apache was 16 days, the period being divided into four equal parts, as already described. On the evening of the sixteenth day the warriors bathed, braided their hair, painted their bodies, and went to the victory dance. This marked the beginning of the *Limo*, which lasted four days and was characterized by the final disposal of the Apache scalps. As the warriors advanced the people shouted and fired guns. Arrived at the place of the dance, the leader of the warriors took a shield and led the *Kapatowa* dance, jumping about

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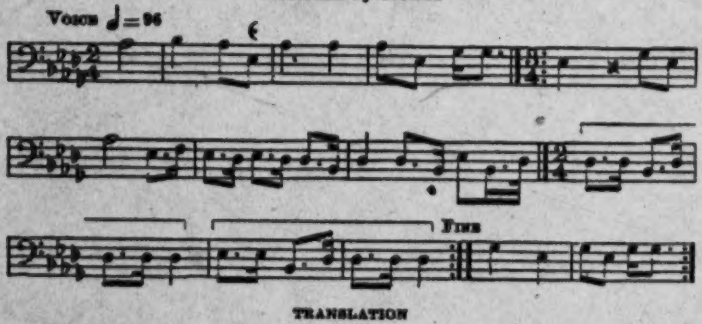
727 535 and enacting scenes of the warpath. Any one who wished could join him. The warriors in turn took the shield and led the dance. At this dance there were always two circles of dancers and there might be four or five different dances. Thus a "wind dance" might be in progress during the *Limo*, four of these songs appearing as Nos. 144 to 147.

X 533

No. 142. Opening Song of the Lime

(Catalogue No. 1076)

Recorded by NUÑEZ

TRANSLATION

How did you kill?
Oh, how did you hang the scalp on the pole?

Analysis.—A sliding tone was employed throughout this song, which was the only song recorded by Nuñez. The song is analyzed with D flat as its keynote, and the second and sixth (E flat and B flat) are strongly emphasized, a peculiarity that has been noted frequently in these songs. Only two notes occur that are longer than a quarter note. These are accented half notes and seem to balance the frequency of dotted eighths followed by sixteenths. Both gourd rattles and basket drums were used with these songs.

X 533 727 535 The warriors then went to a place about 20 yards from the large dance circle, where, early the next morning, a special ceremony would be enacted. A large fire was made and tended by the men who had waited upon the warriors during their period of fasting and who were experienced in their duties. The men who had killed Apache sat together facing the east. At some distance from them sat a group of men who had killed Apache on former expeditions and who sang their own dream songs. Each man sang his song once or twice alone and then the others joined him. These songs were Komotan and were said to be "sung for the benefit of the men who had been fasting." The same songs were sung to cure the illnesses which were supposed to be caused by the spirits of dead Apache. (See No. 71.) While these songs were being sung a man who had killed an Apache

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on a former expedition danced around the fire carrying a club and followed by four or five women. This action of the man was a severe test of his strength as he was required to keep it up until daybreak, jumping sidewise, up and down, trotting, dodging forward, falling down, and acting in every way as he had acted on the warpath. He carried whatever he had carried when on the warpath. Hugh Norris said he had seen such a man fall as though shot, then jump up and go on. The only time he stopped and walked was when he went over and put his hand on the heads of the men who had killed Apache, one after another. The singers were silent when he did this, and when it was completed he waved his hand as a signal for the singing to be resumed. When the singers were silent at other times he stood erect and danced on one foot. The women imitated his action, even trying to "jump in his tracks." They were not required to continue all night but could "change off" when they were tired.

In the early morning of the next day an Apache scalp and an effigy of an Apache was placed in a "spirit basket," to be kept and respected by each warrior who had killed an Apache. He assumed the care of this scalp as a serious responsibility, believing that sickness and evil would follow any neglect of his obligation to it. A "medicine basket" is described and illustrated by Frank Russell [39] and the writer's informant identified this as the type of basket used for containing an Apache scalp. Russell states, "Medicine baskets are the same material and style of weaving as the trinket basket." They are long, square cornered, with rounded margin, and are made in two nearly equal parts, one of which slips over the other as a lid. The effigy of the Apache was about 2 inches long, the dimensions of the basket allowing for a wrapping of cloth. It was made of a kind of mud that will not crack and the head was made of the sap that dries on greasewood. When this is soaked it becomes like glue and a face can be modeled in it. A tuft of white eagle down was put on the head. It sometimes took several men to kill an Apache and they all shared the honor, the scalp being cut into the proper number of pieces, a few hairs being sufficient to be put with the effigy. Thus the preparation for the Limo included the providing of the spirit baskets, the making of the effigies, and the count of the scalps (or portions of scalps), so there was one for each warrior who had shared in the killing of an Apache. The dividing of the scalps made it possible to provide for the spirit baskets and also have scalps for carrying in the victory dances.

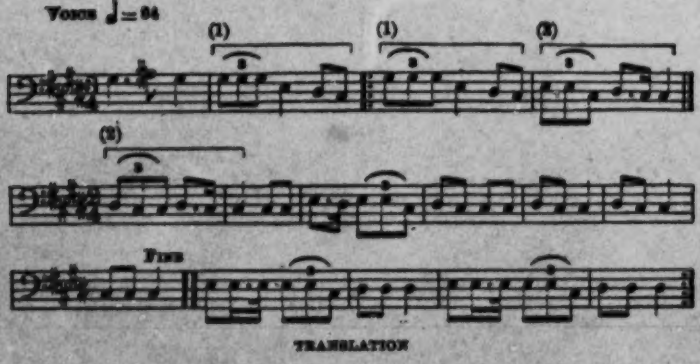
An old medicine man had charge of the ceremony of placing the Apache effigies and scalps in the baskets. At the time of the ceremony he sat facing the warriors, holding the effigies and a corresponding number of Apache scalps or pieces of scalp. The warriors

[39] Op. cit., p. 168.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

727 718 who had taken the scalps were seated in a row. Each had his spirit basket open before him on the ground, the cover being laid at one side of the basket with the ties spread underneath, ready to be quickly fastened. The medicine man took up a scalp and held it toward the Apache country. When an Apache spirit passed by he was aware of its presence and at once wrapped the scalp around the head of the effigy. He handed this to one of the warriors, who received it in both his hands and laid it very carefully, with both hands, in the spirit basket. In addition to the effigy, the basket contained a half-burned cigarette and "some sort of white clay made into dough." (When the Koŏp songs were sung for the sick the owner of the basket took out this clay, moistened a little of it, and put it on the sick person. See p. 103.) When all the effigies had been thus placed the medicine man made a speech about the bravery of the warriors. At the conclusion of this speech he told them to take hold of the baskets, and they put on the covers simultaneously. Then the medicine man said, "I wrap one wrapping," and the men passed the cord once around the basket, all acting together. This was repeated four times and at the fourth time he said, "I tie and finish it," then they tied the last tie in the cord. Each man put his basket under his arm except the head warrior, who stood up, pointed the basket toward the sunrise, and remained standing until the sun was fully risen. It was said, "They tie the sun stripes together," referring to the streaks of light at dawn. (Cf. p. 188.)

X 533 The following song was sung at daybreak.

No. 143. Song of the Limo (Catalogue No. 1071)
Recorded by HARRY ENCINAS

TRANSLATION

I will go inside to warm.
There we will sit a while and rub our tired legs.

Analysis.—In this song with its minor tonality and frequent semitones we seem to have an expression of the poignancy of the Limo,

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

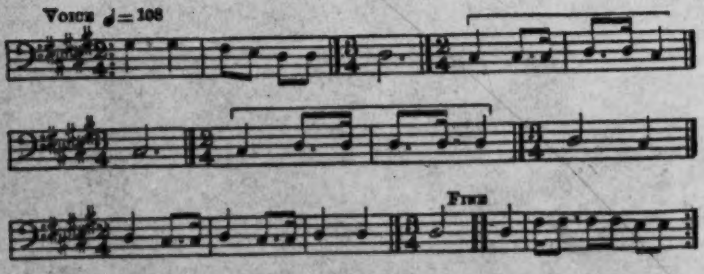
its significance and physical suffering. The two rhythmic units begin with the same count divisions. It is interesting to note that the seventh measure reverses the count divisions in the second rhythmic unit. The connective phrase shows a triplet on an unaccented count, this count division occurring on an accented count in the song.

The men who had taken care of the warriors then conducted them to a clear cold pond, breaking the ice if necessary. The men took a cold plunge, after which each man went to his own lodge, taking his spirit basket with him. It was kept in a safe place and frequently was placed in an olla. The responsibility incident to the possession of a spirit basket has been described on page 103. The *Limo* continued three more days. If the warriors who had killed Apache desired to attend these dances they wore no decorations except a horizontal line of black paint below each eye. Presents were given at these dances. The scalps that had been carried in the victory dances were taken to other villages and carried in one dance after another. Finally they were given to the warriors, who kept them.

A dance that was performed in one of the circles during the Limo was called the Wind dance. Four of its songs were recorded and are as follows.

No. 144. "I Am Going to Another Part of Elder Brother's Land"
(Catalogue No. 927)

Recorded by SIVARIANO GARCIA



TRANSLATION

I am going to another part of Elder Brother's land,
I have reached the land,
With a handsome child (captive) I am returning.

Analysis.—The keynote of this song occurs only as the first tone and is also the highest tone of the compass. This is unique among Indian songs analyzed by the writer. The subdominant is a particularly prominent tone. Attention is directed to the third and fourth measures from the close which reverse the count divisions of the rhythmic unit.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

one aided by the magicians. Inure yourself to the cold while yet a boy. Fight not at all with your comrades; preserve your strength for the combat with the Apaches; then, if brave, will come to you high honor. Be unselfish or you will not be welcome at the fire of the friendly; the selfish man is lonely and his untended fire dies. Keep your peace when a foolish man addresses the people. Join not in his imprudent counsellings. Above all, talk not foolishly yourself. Bathe in the cold water of the early morning, that you may be prepared for the purification ceremony after killing an enemy!"

When an Apache campaign was decided upon, there was much preparation for the fray, and the feasts and ceremonies connected with the return of a victorious party were among the most elaborate, foot-races and gambling forming a part. If the Apaches killed some of the Papagoes, the former were believed to take the clouds away, so the Papagoes had to go and kill some of them in order to bring the clouds back. Sometimes the Apaches would be discovered in a week, and sometimes a whole month would pass before the encounter. The provisions consisted of pinole; bows and arrows, lances and clubs were the weapons, and almost every one of the party had a shield. The Apaches have been credited with a superstition about fighting at night, and the Pimas at least are said to have used this disinclination to their advantage. On returning, those who had killed Apaches had to stay away from their houses and bathe early in the morning before sunrise four times at intervals of four days. One man was appointed to pro-

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

vide them with water and food, of which they partook sparingly. Meat and salt were forbidden. He would come by night and they would smoke tobacco together. The first night was spent in dancing. After sixteen days' seclusion in this manner, the feast would come off, but the dieting and abstention on the part of the slayers lasted sixteen days more. If a man had killed an Apache before, he did not need to go so far away from the house or be so rigorous in his diet as the inexperienced young man.

Sham battles used to be a prominent feature in the social life of the Papago. The last one was given five years previous to my visit to Ánekam in the Santa Rosa valley and there was some talk of having one again in the near future. In these sham battles dummies of straw are placed in the mountains, sometimes at a distance of a two days' excursion. In the evenings before the attack the men sit for a while in a large circle, their weapons lying in the centre, but they soon disperse around the different fires to sleep, while some of them watch. Somebody goes ahead and makes a big fire near the dummies, and the attack begins at dawn. Four men have been chosen to kill the dummies, only one, who leads, carrying a shield; they all have feathers attached to their hats or to specially made leather caps.

On their return there is dancing for four nights and singing; the dancing is similar to that of the sahuaro feast. Some of the men, who are well paid by general contributions, play the part of those who kill Apaches, imitating their actions; one of them carries a shield and

464 The movement of the Desert People to permanent
36 homes in labor camps on European owned farms, aban-
166 doning their roots on the tribal lands is a relative-
178 ly new development. While Papagos have worked for
179 Europeans for almost the entire period of contact,
[221] their work has always been brief in duration, a supplemental measure followed by a withdrawal to the homeland. Forsaking overcrowded tribal lands for good seems to have begun only within the last decade, and to have reached significant proportions only in the last 5 years. (Some Papagos have worked for many years as domestics or miners away from the reserves) This late beginning for a class of Papagos severed from their homeland is due to the peaceful nature of contacts between Papagos and Americans and to lack of opportunity for wide-scale farm employment until
[122] recent years. The Papago economic base was never
[248] destroyed by warfare with the incoming whites as in
[161] the case of the Navahos and many other tribes. Overpopulation on deteriorating reserves did not reach a critical point until about the same time extensive development of irrigated agricultural lands in nearby valleys began, offering a safety valve to those Papagos able to speak acceptable English and perform semi-skilled farm work.

464 This class of Papago farm laborers is very new
166 compared to natives living on South African farms.
171 Most of them have grown up on European farms, without any stake in native reserve areas. Some are descended from natives forced into farm labor by destruction of their cattle in wars nearly a century ago.[1]

The ties native South African farm workers retain with natives living in the reserves naturally depend on the time they have spent on the farms. Some entirely lack relatives or friends on reserves, and have
[602] never visited the reserves.[2] A very few Papago year-
[592] round farm laborers no longer have relatives on the
[592] reservations. But they all still have friends on the trust lands. They all were born on the reserves.
[574] They all still visit their old homes, even if only
[186] rarely. They are all very conscious that they are Desert People, and are only beginning to view themselves as people apart.

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[1] Hunter, 1937, p. 389.
[2] Ibid., p. 390.